I know of a land where the streets are paved.
With the things which we meant to achieve.
It is walled with the money we meant to have

And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon

Are stowed away there in that land some The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.
And oh, this place, while it seems so near,
In faither place, while it seems so near,

Is farther away than the moon, Though our purpose is fair yet we never get To the land of "Pretty Soon." The road that leads to that mystic land

Is strewn with pitiful wrecks.

And the ships that have salled for its shining Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,

And further at night than at noon: Oh let us beware of that land down there-The land of "Pretty Soon."

—Ella W. Wilcox, in Youth's Companion.

ALICE'S MISTAKE

Her Hasty Words That Caused Months of Misery.

I had thought I loved him, had been very happy as his affianced bride, and whispered with a strange pride his name, remembering that some day it would be my own as well. But mine was not the nature to work control. It was rather an early date, I thought, when an engagement was so new a thing, not quite three months old, to be called to account for my actions. And what had I done wrong? My betrothed, Clarence Withers, had been absent for a week, and during his absence Will Maynard had been my escort wherever I had chanced to go. I would not have my engagement announced, although it was currently suspected; there were many kind friends to whisper the fact of my so-called flirtation to Clarence upon his return. And so my first meeting was not, alas, what I had painted it to myself. When I went forward to meet him, glad, oh, so glad, to see him home again, and ready to tell him so, if he needed telling other than the story he could read in my eyes and outstretched hands of welcome, he only took my hands in his and held me off rather than drew me to his heart, where my head had so often lain, and said, in cold, strange tones, so unlike the loving words of welcome I was waiting

'Alice, what is this I hear about my

"Your wife, Mr. Withers? During which of my sleeping moments have I been dignified to that title, or you aspired to the authority of a husband?"

To me, Alice, a promise made is a promise kept, and from the day you gave yourself to me I have looked upon you as my wife as solemnly as though a priest had already blessed our union. You know full well my opinion of Mr. Maynard. He is a man I would not permit to cross my threshold; yet during my short absence he has been constantly and publicly by your side. In fact, has shown you attentions you had no right to receive."

"Mr. Maynard is a particular friend of mine," I exclaimed, with flashing eyes, slipping my hands from his clasp, "and permit me to say I will no longer listen to this harangue. No right to receive ordinary courteous attentions from a gentleman! You strangely forget the fact that you call yourself such when you dare address me thus. Good morning. Mr. Withers."

'Stay, Alice! If I spoke quickly, forgive me. But it was so hard to hear all this just as I arrived home, hungry for your welcome. You know, dear, there were so many aspirants for this little hand I sometimes can scarce believe in my own rare fortune. Are you not glad to see me, Alice?"

"Glad? No. When I was glad you sent all my happiness back into my own heart, and made your first words, words of reproach and blame. I have done nothing to deserve either, and I would do the same again."

"Not if you knew it gave me pain." 'Yes; because you have no right to feel pain. If you have no trust in me, let us part."

is not a question of trust, my Alice. But come, be my own sweet girl again and promise me to announce our engagement, and thus put a stop to Mr. Maynard's useless devotion." "No, Mr. Withers. I have seen

enough to know that with such a nature as I have this morning learned yours to be I never could be happy. I will return you your letters and your gifts, and you will send me my letters and picture. Hereafter we meet sim-

And so we parted. He grew very pale when I said it was all over-white to the lips with anger, I suppose. What a fiendish temper he must possess, and what an incorrigible tyrant of a husband he would have made! Well, it is all over now, I thought. I am very glad, although I wished the strange pain would go away from my heart. and could not think what had caused

It was two weeks since Clarence Withers and I had met and parted, and I did not see him until the night of blows; less, indeed, for it brings re-Mrs. Struther's party. He was looking freshing air and fragrance from oh, so handsome—evidently not pining myriads of flower. I hope never to in secret, for, as usual, he was the life see his face again, since his name has of the party, and devoted himself to that only brought me fresh insult, but he pretty Irene Brooks. Well, I did not at least is a man, and would scorn wear the willow either for that matter. strike a woman to the core who plea Mr. Maynard was very devoted, and my old friends rallied to my standard in all their force. He asked me once to dance with him-a square dance-but I declined, and he looked indifferently relieved; and once when I was laugh ing and talking with Mr. Maynard, I felt his eye was on me, and threw additional empressement into the nothings I was saying. Yet I was tired and bored. Why was it Mr. Maynard's so-

ciety had ceased to attract me? But yet it seemed so strange to meet everywhere; to exchange a smile of icy dness and a courteous bow of formal greeting and feel that all was over. I don't think I quite realized it until the day Mr. Maynard told me his engagement to Irene Brooks was a posi-tire fact. I did not think he could was enough the substitute of t

congratulations, of the many years ere I should take the fatal plunge.

But my congratulations vanished when I awoke, one morning, with the leaden consciousness that I had given, the night before, a favorable answer to Will Maynard's wooing. I did not mean to say "Yes." I did not care for him when he was away from me; but he was so carnest, so determined, I scarcely knew I had consented until I felt his lips press mine and he had dipped a glittering stone upon my finger. It was there, as I awakened, so that I knew it was no dream. All

day I cought its sparkle; all day it served as witness to my mad folly.

But when, that night, I entered Mrs. Somers' drawing-rooms, leaning on his arm, he looking down on me with a sort of possession-look, I fancy, I caught Clarence Withers' eye, full of scorn and full of anger. I think mine flashed back equal contempt. I am sure I felt it. Had he not first set me the example? I was only following in his footsteps, carrying out his pet theory, that the man always should precede the woman and she bend to his lordly

At last the summer came. What a long, long winter it had been, and how glad I was to see once more the birds and flowers, I thought, as I wandered one lovely morning in June away from the gay party who were spending the day among the woods and trees, reveling in a pienic of the good, old-fashoned sort. I hate picnics and always did, and I was glad to have escaped them all. So I wandered on, stooping now and then to pluck a wild flower or an exquisite fern, until, on the verge of steep rock, my eye caught a bunch of oveliest anemones. I sprang forward, eager to grasp it—too eager, alas!— for my foot tripped and I fell forward upon the sharp stone, cutting an ugly gash in my forehead. I think it stunned ne for the moment. I must have fainted; but, surely, ere I opened my eyes, I caught the sound of breathless tones exclaiming: "My God, my darling!" and felt hot kisses rain on cheek and

Slowly I unclosed the sealed lids and gazed into the pallid face of Clarence Vithers. My strength came back with my pride and, drawing myself away, I

"Do not be alarmed, Mr. Withers, it s all right now. Did you imagine you held Miss Brooks? Allow me to re-

lieve you." "No. Miss Brooks is fortunately in a place of safety. I am glad to see your

accident was so trivial. Good morning. And so he left me. Were those cold. indifferent tones the warm, loving ones I had listened to but a moment before? No. I had been dreaming; and, staunching the blood with my handkerchief which still flowed freely, walked on, and soon stumbled upon Mr. Maynard, hastening to find me. Oh, how his words of pity and dis-

tress grated on my ear. I answered him petulantly, and begged to be taken home. My head ached. He ordered the carriage at once. I would not allow him to accompany me and, with anxious solicitation, he tenderly bade me good-by, closed the door upon me and I was again alone.

All night I lay and tossed upon my ed, and morning found me feverish and restless, but with a new, undaunted resolution, that ere I slept again should have returned Will Maynard's ring, and asked him to give me back my plighted troth.

Yet the words came with a hard truggle, and the tell-tale blood crimsoned my cheek and brow as I stood before him and acknowledged I could not

"No, Mr. Maynard. You have been very good, very kind, but I cannot love

"Why, then, did you consent to be my wife?"

His tones were calm now, with the calmness which precedes the mountain storm, when all nature is hushed, and not a leastet stirs, not even a blade of grass trembles, until with a mighty roar heaven discharges its artillery, and the hills quake.

"Oh, do not ask me. I do not know. cannot tell you." "Do you mean that these few months have been a farce in which you and I were the chief actors? Who amongst your friends have been the audience to watch this poor puppet-show, in which your experienced hands have pulled the strings? Do not look indignant. You

have no right to indignation. Have

you never loved me?" "Never, Mr. Maynard, as I should have loved you. You came to me at a time when my heart was hungry. Your words fascinated me, and I hoped and believed I would find the happiness I sought. Oh, forgive me! I know how wrong I have been. Indeed, you cannot be more sorry than am I, for you have not the added sting of remorse. Think of me as you will, but forgive the pain I have caused you and try to

forget me." But no forgiving glance answered my appeal. Pitilessly and coldly the man spoke, in cutting tones:

"I said we were the chief actors. Doubtless there has been a power behind the scenes. Perhaps Mr. Withers has regained ascendancy over your heart. Heart, did I say? Excuse me Miss Ellis, I did not mean to do you such injustice as to mention what you do not possess. I wish Mr. Withers every joy."

"Stop! You are unjust, indeed-nay! more-cruel, unmanty! Mr. Withers is no more to me than the wind that strike a woman to the core who pleaded to him for forgiveness. Go, Mr. Maynard. We are quits now. I trust in time I may forgive you."

It was over then-all over. And for my wicked folly I was punished. Even Clarence, I thought, with curling lip, would have been satisfied. I trust his wooing with Miss Brooks was somewooing with Miss Brooks was somewhat smoother than had been this of mine. Why did I think of him? What cared I whether it were smooth or rough? Our paths lay widely spart. The world was broad enough for both. Was it? Ah. tell-tale heart that beat with such strange, choking throbs, then stood still for a moment, whilst the blood recoded from its channels, leaving me ice as death when they teld

me, two short weeks after, Clarence

what did it matter to me? Did I no say the world was broad enough for both, and, if our paths diverged so widely, what was death but the medium

which severed them still further apart?
Ah, no! At last I knew he lived. At least I sometimes caught the music of his voice, the sunshine of his smile. But where was his betrothed? By his side? No; she had gone, too, leaving a kindly message. That was all. Surely she could not have been his promised wife, else she would have stayed. Oh, my poor heart! At last I knew the truth, and scarce knowing what I did I drew a sheet of paper toward me, and with blinding tears wrotel

"Before you die, Clarence—before you leave me desolate—at least send me one little word— one token of forgiveness. My pride has all gone, dear. I know how wrong I was with you, but you will forgive me, will you not? And though in Heaven you must remember another as your betrothed, you will sometimes think lovingly, if we can think there of ALICE."

There came no answer to my note and when I heard Clarence Withers was not going to die, that hopes were entertained of his recovery, and slowly hope gave place to certainty, my first immeasurable happiness was sucseeded by agony of shame and by the breathless query: "What have I done?" Oh, if I could bury myself anywhere so that I might never see his look of withering scorn! Oh, I wish I had died!" was my thought one afternoon a few weeks later as I sat alone, and burying my head in my hands, the tears, which had for so long refused to come, burst forth in bitter, choking sobs. I had not heard a sound until hand was laid upon my shoulder, tender, pitying voice said:

"Poor little giri! Have you really grieved so, Alice?" Springing to my feet, I confronted the man of whom I had been thinking; but even through my tears I saw how ill and worn he looked.

"Have you come to triumph over my weakness, Mr. Withers? I have suffered sufficiently, I can assure you, over my poor folly, without you adding to my misery. I wish, I wish that you

"Listen, Alice! Be calm, darling!" he said, as he drew me down in the old, tender, willful way, which made his very mastery sweet. "I wanted to die, too, until, one day, a little, whitewinged messenger of peace and hope came and nestled in my breast. I was too ill to answer it, but I kept it there: and when the fever rayed its highest and I almost let go my hold of life, it whispered of the sweetness the future held for me. And so I battled on. And when I grew stronger and knew I should once again look into your eyes. would not let impatience master me. I feared to trust my own great joy, and waited, darling, until, face to l could tell you this. All has been a mistake between us. No other woman has ever touched my heart. Irene and I were only friends, and I

dreary time. Alice, have I found my wife at last?" I could not answer, but he kissed away the tears, and I sobbed out my confession on his breast; but when had finished he only drew me closer. whispering sweet words of glad, forgiving love, while I was well content to lie nestled in the strong arms of "my bear."-Jenny Wren, in N. Y. Ledger

told her of my troubles in all that

A SAD MISNOMER. The Term "Old Maid" Is Almost Always

Misapplied. I lately heard an amusing new definition to the term "old maid." which was held to apply, not to elderly spinsters in general, but only to such as had never had a chance of changing their condition; those who "would not when they could," or whose course of true love has run rough, receiving the more respectful title of "maiden ladies." The idea emanates from a masculine brain, but the difficulty of ascertaining which designation applies in individual cases is a problem which the superior male intellect has not condescended to solve, says the Ladies' Pictorial.

Are old maids under this definition to be expected to wear some particular form of cap, or have their hat cut in a special fashion, or add the letters "O. M." to their visiting cards? I am convinced that there are very few women indeed whose experience has failed to include a love affair of some kind, and of these few only a small minority would acknowledge the fact.

A more correct idea of the term, it seems to me, and one which takes away its old-fashioned sting, is that it describes a certain type of woman irre-spective of her condition in life. The prim, narrow-minded person who fusses over trifles, who would leave matters of the most paramount duty or engrossing interest in order to put tidy a drawer or sew on a button; who goes all her life in fear of Mrs. Grundy, and would leave any kind action undone, or kind word unsaid, if it ran the slightest risk of offending that potentate, would be old-maidish in spite of any number of matrimonial ventures; while, on the other hand, there are plenty of liberal-minded, youthfulpearted old misses to whom the epithet is so obviously unsuitable that no one thinks of applying it.

LEFT IT TO THE DOG.

A Quick-Witted Newsboy's Way of Send-ing Home a Lost Child. There was a crowd on Fourth av enue. New York, the other day. It was gathered about a little girl and a dog. There were a couple of policemen, a half-dozen women and a dozen men. The little girl was lost. The policemen knew it, the women knew it, the crowd knew it and the little girl nerself knew it. Now the problem everyone was trying to solve was where the little girl belonged. That neither the policemen, the women, the crowd, the Recorder man nor the little girl knew.

"Where do you live?" asked a police-The little girl looked up in a fright ened way and shook her head. "Poor little dear-where does your other live?" asked one of the women

thinking to get at the problem in a roundabout way. Still the little girl shook her head. Finally a newsboy speared on the scene. He eyed the assemblage contemptuously.

"Here," he said to the dog, "go home, sir." Off started the dog, the little girl hanging on to his shaggy coat and the crowd following behind. leaving me icy as death when they told down Fourth avenue a few blocks around the corner straight into the

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

-Cuckoos are the only birds that est asiry caterpillars, so far as is known. The horny linings of their gizzards are sometimes found so thickly perforated by the sharp and strong hairs of these insects as to be actually "fuzzy" when

-Glassware cracks when placed in hot water because, being a poor conductor of heat, the outside becomes hot and expands, while the interior is still cool. The strain resulting from this unequal expansion causes the fracture. For this reason, thin glass, which is quickly heated through, is less likely to break than the thick, heavy varieties.

-Picket finds that at the temperature of 112 degrees Fahr. metallic sodium is not acted upon by hydrochloric acid. As the temperature rises, however, an action begins, and becomes more and more energetic until an explosion occurs. In the same way marble is unaffected by hydrochloric acid at a very low temperature, showing how important a condition of chemical action is temperature.

-Prof. Berthelot has pointed out that in the writings of Avicenna there is mention of a metallic aerolite which fell in Djorjan, in central Asia, in the eleventh century, which could neither be broken nor worked up into arms or tools. One of the blocks of native iron found at Ovijak, in Greenland, in 1870. is so hard that it can neither be scratched nor cut, and Prof. Nordenskiold suggests that this may be due to the presence of black diamonds disseminated through the iron.

-Land snails in cold climates bury themselves in the ground or underdead leaves in winter; in tropical regions they become torpid during the hot season. When about to start in on a period of sleep they seal up their shells with a close-fitting door, which sometimes is a shield of transparent mucus and in other cases an opaque membrane as thick as a visiting card. Behind this the animal constructs other walls. which serve like so many partitions to

protect it against prolonged cold. -The Northwestern Lumberman presents its report of pine product in 1893 in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The grand total output in 1893 fell below the total in 1892 to the amount of 1,302,999,965 feet of lumber, and in shingles there was a comparative decrease of 828,827,076. The total product last year was smaller than in any year since 1886, when it was 7,425,368,443 feet less than that in 1885, years of restricted production which followed the industrial and trade depression of 1883

and 1884. -At the level of the sea the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston of an engine is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, but decreases at higher altitudes. As this atmospheric pressure must be overcome by the steam pressure before any work can be done. it is evident that at the diminished air pressure of high altitudes more work can be obtained from a given pressure of steam than at the sea level, or in other words, an equally effective pressure of steam can be obtained with the expenditure of less fuel. The difference, however, is not great enough to

be of any practical importance. -Some very odd things are come across by the ornithologists who are engaged in examining thousands of stomachs of various kinds of birds for the purpose of ascertaining what they eat and how much of the crops they strov. In the stomach was found a warbler. The stomach of the warbler contained a caterpillar and traces of the vegetation on which the latter had fed were clearly discerned under the microscope. Another crow was a rubber elastic band, which had evidently been picked up by mistake for a worm. Once in awhile a bedbug is found in the stomach of a woodpecker. Doubtless the insects are got from pine trees. Pine-cones are often infested by bedbugs, which must have lived on those trees long before they became human parasites.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

One of the Triumphs of Modern Chemistry for Builders. Marble is now so closely imitated by chemical means that there is often great difficulty in telling the imitation from the natural stone. By a new process limestones or chalk may be converted into the nature of marble of any tint or combination of shades. while the specific gravity is increased. On the surface of the water bath used for the veining there is sprinkled varnish composed of ses-quioxide of iron, gum and turpentine, and water being unstable, a freedom of design is obtained, especially when the turpentine is broken by the addition of soap. After the stone is dipped in turper tine, it is immersed in solutions of sulphate of iron, copper or zinc, separate or in combination. The difference in shades is obtained by varying the period of immersion, and the order of tanks used. Copper and iron sulphate give dark colors; zinc and iron alternately give light yellow, while the use of the three consecutively gives dark yellow and brown in variegated tints. After being treated in the sulphate baths, the stone is immersed in a warm water bath to fix the colors, all air being meanwhile expelled. The color is said to permeate the full thickness of the stone, which is afterwards dried in The next step is an immersion in an indurating bath of solution of sulphate of zinc, which so closes up the pores and hardens the stone that it acquires nearly the density of nat-ural marble, and is then ready for pol-ishing in the ordinary way.—N. Y. Sun.

Lake Zouay, in Abyssinia, and near the southern frontier of that country. had not been visited for three or four hundred years by the Abyssinian authorities, and the people who live on an island in the midst of the lake had remained without any communication with the exterior world. Emperor Menelik has recently paid a visit to that lake, where is situated the island of Debra-Sina, in the churches of which most valuable Ethiopian manuscripts had been hidden by Abyssinian monarchs at the time of the invasion of their country by the Egyptian and Soudan Moslems. The island is held as sacred ground, and Menelik's chaplain was the only man to proceed there on that occasion; he visited the churches, looked at the ancient manuscripts, and brought some of them to the Emperor, who ordered them to be religiously returned to the chief of the Island.—Chicago Tribune.

Marriage Would Be a Failure Bernard-Do you think a young man can marry comfortably on \$600 a year? Miss Hatch-Yes, of course he can; but then he would be most uncomfort PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-Western "Ad"-Wanted an energetic young man for a retail store, partly out of doors, partly behind the counter. -Any person having from five to fifty

tons of coal to dispose of, will please send word, or drop it through the post office.—New Haven Paper.
—Jeweler—'This clock will go twelve monthe without winding." Oldboy-"Well, how long would it go if it were

wound?"-N. Y. Herald. -Way Off .- "This rich relative of yours, is he a distant relative?" extremely distant since he became rich."-N. Y. Press. -Johnny-'Pa, did you know ma

before you were married?" Pa (with sigh)-"I thought I did, Johnny."-Boston Transcript.

-Mr. Joblots-"Silsby told me today that he had just bought a cata-

maran, and was going to keep it down at the river." Mrs. Joblots—"Male or emale, James?" -A Nebraska man hugged his girl so hard that he broke one of her ribs. When she got well he forgot to hug her, and that broke her heart -N. Y.

Tribune.

-"Look here, old chappie, just introduce me to your pretty cousin."
"All right, I'll do so: but mark, if ever you marry her, don't lay the blame on

me."-Humoristische Blatter. -Mamma (as she is serving the pie at table)-"What is an improper fraction, Johnny?" Johnny-"Anything less than a quarter, mamma."-Newport News. -"Say, pa." asked Freddy, "why is

it that when you or Uncle George tell a story you always get laughed at, and when I tell one I get a lickin'?"-Buffalo Courier. -Marriage Changes.-A girl some times coaxes her lover not to spend so

much money on her, but she doesn't have to coax him after they are married.—Atchison Globe. -"I declare, I don't know what to do," mused Dr. Fizzick. "Here's old Mr. Goutley kicking about my charges,

and he's too good a customer to cure.' -Philadelphia Record. -Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible. A man might as well have a smoky house and a seolding wife, which are said to be the two worst

evils of our life. - Spurgeon. -"I hear, McGinty, that yez broke yer leg." "Then yez heard wrong, Lafferty. Yez must think I'm a fool It was broke by accident. What would want to break my own leg for?"-

-An Irishman on a western railroad

bragging of having a correct timepiece.

was heard to remark upon pulling out his watch: "If the sun ain't over that hill in a minute and a half, he will be -Mistress-"Bridget, I told you to tell those ladies that I was out." Brid-

get-"So I did, mum; I said you was out, but I thought you'd be back in a few minutes, an', mum, they said they'd come in an' wait." -Johnny's Arithmetic .- "Johnny." said the schoolboy's mother, do you ike your arithmetic?" "No'm. I think the influence of that book is unwhole-

some and depressing." "Why?" "Be-cause it is full of horrible examples." And his mother was so stunned that she forgot to punish him.-Washingtor

TESTING WATCHES.

The Ordeal Through Which Time Pieces A creat many watches are sent every year to the United States observatory in Washington, where they are tested in six different positions, and also as to their running qualities in all sorts oddity discovered in the stomach of a of temperature, and it is ascertained exactly how much each particular watch will gain or lose in a month or a year. Two American clocks, which are pronounced by experts to be the best representatives of their kind in the world, are used for these comparisons. and after a watch has paid a month's visit in Washington its habits of life

are very well known. A jeweler sends watches down singly. and as a general thing they are returned in a month. They are first tested for two hours, when nearly run down, and then for six hours after being wound up. This is because when a watch is nearly run down its tendency is to run more rapidly. The position test is first applied with the pendant up, which is the ordinary way of carrying a watch. Then it is tested pendant down, or bottom side up. with pendant to left, to right, and finally face down and lying flat and

face up. There are not so many variations of time found in the position test as in the temperature test. First the watch is put into an ice box where the mercury is 10 degrees below the freezing point. Afterward the temperature is raised until it reaches summer and then tropical heat. The warmest place a watch gets into is where the mer cury goes up to 120 degrees. If a watch will run equally well at either of these extremes it usually will run as well at any degree of heat or cold. The tendency of the cold air is to make the watch run more slowly.

So accurate are these tests that one can depend on them without fear of failure. Instances have been found of watches that have run for a year without a variation of more than thirty seconds. A watch that runs for a month, however, with not more than fifteen seconds' variation is considered a very good timepiece.

When a tested watch is started back home from Washington, the balance is wrapped in paper. When it is started again it may vary, but within two weeks it will settle down to its old Washington running time. When a watch has absolutely stopped, and refuses to do business, it will gain or lose when started up; but if it is a good respectable watch with proper Washington training, in a few days it will assume habits of quiet life. A chronometer stands in the same position all the time, and the tests of position are dispensed with, but the temperature tests are as rigid as those used for a watch. Tests are made in England and Switzerland at government schools and in the former place at the British observatory in Greenwich. -N. Y. Mau

Tampering with the Jury. After the verdict had been rendered man was brought before the court accused of tampering with the jury.

The foreman put in a plea for him, saying: "Let me assure the court that

there was no harm done, although we ill consented to be tampered with ex-"Only one honest man on the jury!" exclaimed the judge.
"Your honor," replied the foreman, be had signed the prease."—Judge. he didn't marry her after all, an' she had to hunt up some one slee.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

-Creamed Parsnips.-Boil, and cut into dice. Brown in a little hot butter, and pour over them a little thickened

cream. - Housekeeper. -The lover of pretty things-and what woman is not?—takes especial pride in the collection of ice cream bowls, water bottles, olive and bonbon dishes and flower basins of Madras silver, in Oriental shapes and handsomely decorated.

-Champagne Cake.-One cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoor ful cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful f sods. Mix with flour to consistency of cookies; roll out, cut in strips, roll them in powdered sugar and twist into rings. Bake a light brown.—Boston Budget -Bockings .- Mix a pint of buck-

wheat, with a teacup of warm milk, and two tablespoons of yeast; let it rise about two hours; add two eggs, well beaten, and as much milk as will make the batter the usual thickness for pancakes, and fry them.-House

keeper.
—Smothered Beefsteak.—Divide a round of steak; put half in a shallow pan; season with salt, pepper and sliced onions; sprinkle on a little flour and ay on the other half of steak and season the same way. Cover with another pan; bake an hour.-Western

Rural Berry Pudding .- Spread thin slices of stale bread with butter and place a layer in a pudding dish, and over it one of stewed raspberries, blackberries or the like containing plenty of juice; then add successive layers of the bread and butter and berries, until the pudding dish is full. Bake thirty minutes and eat with cream and sugar, or

whipped cream. -Orange Judd Farmer. -Try what a glass of hot milk will do as a restorative, from a day's fatigue in shopping, housework, etc. After a morning's wear and tear in rushing from shop to shop, in search of gowns and garnitures, discard the notion of chicken salad, chocolate, charlotte russe or eclaires as a lunch, and tone up your jaded system with a glass of hot milk, a dainty English muffin, or toasted brown bread. To this simple fare might be added, with good effect. a juicy chop or a soft-boiled egg.

-Chicken with Mushrooms.-Have ready one pound of cold chicken chopped flue, and one pint of cold mushrooms cut in small pieces. Cover these with water and boil five minutes. Skim out the mushrooms into a hot dish. There should be left a coffee cupful of liquid. If not enough, add milk to the hot liquid. Thicken this with a tablespoonful of flour, same amount of butter, and season. Three minutes' boiling will thicken it. Add the chicken and mushrooms and cook two minutes, stirring constantly. Serve on hot platter. -Christian Inqui-

-Macaroni Pudding.—One cupful of broken macaroni, one and one-half pints of milk, four eggs, one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Boil the macaroni in salted water ten minutes. then add it to the boiling milk and simmer twenty minutes longer; remove from the fire, pour it on the sugar. eggs and butter, beaten together; last ly add the extract. Put into a well buttered pudding dish, and bake in a steady oven thirty-five minutes. Serve with cream sauce. -Good Housekeep-

Neat and Effective Way of Disposing of

Early last summer, as a family livabout to go into the country for sevdue deliberation they concluded that, as he was not very valuable, it would place for him, and that pater familias might give him a dose of chloroform. What followed, let the father tell in his own words.

"I took the cat," says he, "and after putting him carefully in a box, gave him a generous quantity of the annesthetic. He quietly straightened out. but, fearing that the spark of life was not fully extinguished, I took him to a block and used considerable violence upon him. At first I did not know just what to do with the remains of the animal, but finally concluded to dle and take them to town and throw them into one of the yellow carts with the street sweepings. I did not care to take the bundle into the car with me, so I left it on the front platform, and thought no more about it until the car arrived at Bromfield street, where got off. There I happened to remember it, and went to the front platform. when-you may judge of my surprise and relief-I found that someone had

stolen my bundle." The narrator further adds that he should be glad to have the thief know that no questions would be asked if he would describe his sensations upon opening the package. - Boston Herald.

Mohair Dresses. Very useful dresses for morning

wear in spring and for traveling and the seashore in summer are of dark mohair, blue, brown or gray, of the coarse weave so much used a few years ago. This is a light-weight fabric with smooth lustrous surface that sheds dust and water. In navy blue it will rival the serges and sackings that are used for steamer, boating and other outing dresses. Paris tailors make these gowns more elaborately than those brought from London, having a long English overskirt caught up on the left side and trimmed above a hem with a row of black satin ribbon an inch wide overlaid with a vine of ecru lace. The silk petticoat disclose by the draping is four yards and a balf wide, with a knife-plaited ruffle six inches deep around it, bordered with the black ribbon and lace vine. A long coat of the mohair reaches to the knee and is fitted in the back with loose and open fronts. The side forms ex tend in pointed basques edged with ribbon and lace. Short revers and n turned - over collar are similarly trimmed, but the gigot sleeves are plain. This is worn over a shirt waist of silk like the petticoat in ombro stripes of pink and brown, a charming contrast to the blue of the cown. liarper's Bazan

A Had Storp. Little Ethel--I have to write a composition 'bout Pocahontas. Little Ethel-Yea'm, and her life was real sad. She saved a man's life, and

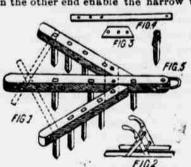
THE FARMING WORLD

VERY EASILY MADE.

How to Manufacture a Handy Harrow in the Farm Workshop. The sketch gives a fair idea of a useful implement which most any farmer possessed of a little mechanical skill may manufacture at home. The frame of the harrow is made of oak or othe tough wood and the pieces may be 8 by 4 inches, or any size desired, according as the harrow is to be light or heavy.

The two side pieces should be about 3
feet long and the middle piece one foot
longer. A good plan is to get the timber hewed out and dressed neatly. while green, and then to allow it to season a month or two before putting together.

In making the harrow, round off the ends of all the frame pieces, and then bore at least three half-inch holes through at right angles to the direction of the teeth; one hole at least 6 inches from each end and another in the middle. Put half-inch bolts in each hole and screw up. If preferred rivets may be used instead of bolts; the object is to prevent splitting. Have a blacksmith make two irons each like those represented by Figs, 3 and 4. To get the size of these irons, lay the rame out in the desired shape and then measure where the dotted lines are shown in Fig. 1. The plates at Fig. 8 should be about 3-16 inch thick and 8 inches wide, with inch-holes drilled as shown. Two of these plates are used, one on the upper side and one below, and the frame bolted to them snugly. The iron plates at Fig. 4 should be 2 inches wide and quite thick. Their position is shown in the dotted They are bolted to the sides with suitable bolts, and the three holes on the other end enable the harrow to



be expanded or contracted by simply removing the top of the middle bolt and slipping the wings back and forth. An ordinary plow swirel may be at-tached to the front end or a bolt run through with projecting ends and a wire loop fastened. In either case put a rivet in the end to prevent splitting. Harrow teeth one inch square like those shown in Fig. 5 are to be used, and may be purchased readymade or any blacksmith may make them. They are cut with spurs which serve to hold them securely in place when driven tightly through the one-inch holes, which should be bored for them not nearer than 8 inches. Fig. 2 represents the manner of attaching a pair of plow handles to the harrow, if desired. Of course the harrow should be painted .--Walter J. Garrison, in Farm and Home

APPLYING MOISTURE.

New System of Sub-Irrigation for Early Crops.

The amount of moisture required durng the season cannot be controlled by farmers and gardeners unless some method is devised to permit of limited supply of water and to carry it to the plants without involving great expense. The windmill will provide a sufficiency of water for a garden or ing in one of Boston's suburbs was greenhouse, and the problem has been how to apply moisture without injureral months, the question came up as ing the plants to a certain extent. It is to the disposition of the cat. After well known that the only way to procure crops is to grow them under shelter in a greenhouse, but the difficulty not pay to bother to find a boarding has been that when the moisture was applied directly on the plants the result was rot or mildew, lettuce being attacked severely in some instances. which is believed to be due to the frequent application of water to the foli-

If the moisture can be applied to the roots of the plants, as required, the difficulty may be avoided. To test the matter the Ohio experiment station used what is known as the sub-irrigation method. According to theory green houses should be so constructed as to permit of drainage, but experiwrap them up in a neat-looking bun- ments demonstrate that the theories are incorrect. Plants of different species, such as roses, violets, carnations, lettuce, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes and cauliflower were grown on benches with water-tight bottoms. The result was that some crops grew wonderfully, lettuce escaping the rot entirely, maturing two weeks earlier, and yielding twice the weight of crop. Tomatoes did not give as good results as some other kinds, however. The method is simple. The benches should have water-tight bottoms. A few laths are nailed to the bottom of the bench and cement spread over the laths. Drain tile, of two and one-half inches in diameter, is laid on the tile two feet apart in the rows, and six inches or more of soil is then placed over the tile, so as to form a seed bed. Water is then poured quickly into the ends of the tile, which finds its way into the soil, the joints of the tile not being

tight. By the above method the water goes directly to the roots, the top soil not being baked, and the changes of temperature do not so readily affect plantng, while the application of the moisture, through the agency of the tile, is done in a neater manner than with the watering pot.-Philadelphia Record.

Alsike Clover with Timothy. Most farmers in seeding wish to keep the land in grass more than a single year. For this purpose a mixture of slake clover seed with timothy seed makes the best combination that we know of. The first year's growth will be mainly alsike, and the first crop to be cut will contain scarcely any timothy. But alsike clover is a biennial, and its first cutting is its last. Of course, its roots begin to decay after the plant has died, and then the timothy comes forward very rapidly, often making a good second growth for hay when the first crop has been cut early

enough. you need were I was britten aft PROPLE will continue to est beef, pork, mutton, etc., and there is no danger of the demand coasing. Put a first-class quality on the market, and it will bring the top market price.

BLACK knot on plum and el trees should be removed at ac-cutting out all branches three is below each knot.